"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

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THE FIRST CRIME.

"LOOK out, Ellen, right across the street," said Mr. Walden, laying his paper on his knee, and speaking to his wife, who sat at the opposite front window. "Do you see that young man?"

"Yes, Henry; I happen to know him as one of your clerks," and the lady turned her face, most sweet, most fair, from the beautiful child, to whom she was tossing up and down a cluster of silver-voiced bells, and listening to its crow of triumph.

"*Was* one of my clerks, you mean, Ellen. That's the very young man we turned off last week for helping himself out of our drawer. You remember I told you about it."

"Yes, but I never suspected that he was the one. You know he brought me messages several times, and I was always pleased with his bright, pleasant, courteous manner. He hadn't the face of a rogue, Harry."

"No; this was his first offence. I believe the boy was as honest when he came up from the country as ever one was; but he fell into bad company, and there was an end of him. There's no trusting boy or man after the first theft;" and Mr. Walden took up his paper.

His wife glanced sadly across the street to the slight young figure which was slowly passing out of her range of vision. She remembered its rapid, alert step, which had struck her a little before, and fancied there was remorse and depression in his altered bearing. Then her glance dropped on the sweet face with the sweet bloom in its cheeks, and the childish wonder and joy in its eyes, and her heart grew pitiful, and reached out with a half mother-yearning after the slight, half-drooping figure which had just passed by.

She thought of him, friendless, disgraced, desolate, this youth, in the great city, so full of all temptation and enticement, and she thought, too, of the mother he must once have had, and who was just as proud and fond of him as she was of her own boy, and involuntarily this lady, with the sweet face, this lady, whom wealth and luxury and all that is good and to be desired in life had not spoiled, reached out her hands with a quick gesture of alarm and protection to her child.

The gentleman opposite her, with his pleasant face and portly figure, and hair a little sifted with grey, caught the movement and looked up from his paper.

"What is the matter, Ellen?"

She smiled, half apologetically.

"I was thinking, dear, what if that boy were ours!"

Mr. Walden looked down on his small heir, a little touched.

"I shall never place him in the midst of such temptations as my warehouse."

"But this boy had to meet them, and because he failed once, it seems to me it was hard to turn him right out into the cold and dark of the world."

Mr. Walden smiled a little.

"O, Ellen," he said, "that would sound very pretty in a story, and sentiment of this sort is very attractive in a woman like you; but it don't do for us business men. We've got to be up to the mark, hard and straightforward and practical."

"And yet, Harry, you business men have had mothers to love you, and have sons in your turn to love. That is the hard, straight, practical truth."

When she paused, her husband said, "Why Ellen, what makes you take such an interest in this clerk, whom you have never seen half-a-dozen times?"

"I don't know, Harry. Perhaps it's because I look at my own boy and yours."

"Well, to please you, I'll promise to take him back once more, and give him a trial."

And Mrs. Walden rose up, went over to her husband, pushed away the black hair sifted with grey from his forehead, and the kiss which fell there was the warm, sweet, fragrant kiss of a loving wife.

Half-an-hour later, Lucius Street was retracing his steps through the wide street flanked with its stately homes, down which he had wandered unconsciously, for some spirit of unrest and unhappiness had taken possession of him that day, from which he vainly tried to deliver himself.

Suddenly a voice called to him on the opposite side. "Lucius! Lucius Street!"

He turned, and there, standing on the stone steps of his dwelling, was Mr. Walden, beckoning to him. A blush burned up into the boy's cheek; he hesitated.

And again Mr. Walden's voice came over to him kindly, but authoritative, "Lucius! Lucius Street!" And it compelled his steps to the gentleman's side.

Mr. Walden looked on his former clerk with kindly eyes, which were not to be mistaken.

"Come in, Lucius, come in," he said.

And the youth followed him into the great parlour, whose gorgeousness fairly dazzled his eyes, and seating him in one chair, took another by his side, and looking at him, said in a kindly voice, "Lucius, you have an honest face, and you had an honest name till that time: and because of it, if you had told the truth, we would have forgiven and kept you."

The tears strained themselves into the boy's eyes, his breast heaved, every limb shook. Mr. Walden was touched. He laid his hand on the boy's shoulder.

"Tell me the truth now, Lucius," he said; "you shall not be sorry for it."

The boy looked up; his face was white, and worked fearfully. At last the half-coherent words struggled out.

"It's all dim and blurred to me, Mr. Walden; but I s'pose I did take the money, although I can't remember very well; the wine had got into my head."

Mr. Walden shook his head.

"Bad company, bad company, my boy," he said.

"It was the first time, the very first time in my life," speaking steady and fervent this time.

"I believe you; and now, if, because of this, we take you back once more to your old place, will you promise, for your own sake, not to fail again, to avoid all temptations of evil, wine and wrong companions; for they have made you fall once and they will inevitably drift you to your ruin?"

"I will promise you, sir."

"Then be back, Lucius, to your old place to-morrow morning."

The boy buried his face in his hands, and burst into tears—tears which, in his case, were the blessed "latter rain," in which dwelt repentance and a new purpose. And Mr. Walden, touched beyond his usual self, laid his hand once more on the boy's shoulder, and spoke to him many words of counsel and encouragement, which were almost fatherly in their tone, and even invited him to remain to supper with his family; but the reinstated clerk declined doing this. And when Lucius Street went out on the sidewalk once more, it was not as he went in.

That night at "Spark's Saloon," half-a-dozen young men and boys, bent on what they called "mischief" and "fun," waited vainly for another to join their company. The barn was fired; the flames spread beyond the original intentions of the incendiaries. Much valuable property was destroyed, but Lucius Street was not there to see. He was faithful to his new covenant. He withstood the jeers and persuasions of his old companions, the temptations and enticements of his city life.

As he grew into manhood, he rose to new positions of trust and responsibility in the great warehouse, and always filled these to the satisfaction of the proprietors, and at last he became head clerk in the establishment. And it was not till the evening of his appointment, which transpired ten years after his reinstatement in the warehouse, that he related to Mr. Walden the evil into which he had fallen at that time.

"I was on the brink of an awful precipice, sir," he said, with emotion, which

fairly choked his words. "My ruin was inevitable, and it was you, under God, who saved me."

"Not I," interrupted Mr. Walden, almost as much moved as his clerk; "it was Ellen, my wife, who did it all. You owe the thanks to her."

And the senior partner, whose hair was not now sifted, but crusted, with silver, related all which had transpired between himself and wife that afternoon in his sitting-room ten years ago. And the young man wept like a child again.

"I never knew before what made Mrs. Walden so kind to me," he said; "I understand it all now."

"Come up to supper to-night, and tell her with your own lips," said Mr. Walden.

And Lucius went, and hearing it, Mrs. Walden wept for joy, and thanked God in her heart.

How few women take an interest in the life, moral or physical, of their husbands' clerks and employees! And here, at the very doors, open out great avenues, through which they may walk like ministering angels, speaking good, true words, doing their sweet, noble, most womanly deeds, which shall be counted blessed and honourable of the angels, and which shall be like good gifts of frankincense and myrrh, pleasant and acceptable in the sight of God the Father.—*Ladies' Repository.*

HOW TO BELIEVE IT.

We think our friends of the orthodox creeds take their belief in endless punishment, as a general thing, in too easy and comfortable a manner to convince the world that it is really the faith of their hearts. We know that the natural influence of the doctrine is to engender selfishness and to make man contented when once his own salvation is secured; still we would like a little more evidence of the fact that the doctrine is really and truly believed by those who exhibit so much anxiety for their neighbours to believe it also. Certainly in a case like this, a little personal alarm occasionally about the state of their own souls, and their prospects for heaven, would not be out of place, considering the awful uncertainty which, according to their own way of thinking, surrounds the whole subject. Instead of this, we find them taking life quite coolly, and in all respects living pretty much as other folks do, while all the time this terrible doom overshadows the world. Now we humbly submit that this is not the way to convince mankind that the doctrine is actually believed by its professors. Dr. Dewey gives us a powerful statement of the way in which a practical belief in this doctrine would assuredly affect its votaries. Speaking of the character of the doctrine, and of the tremendous doom it involves, he says:

"It may be a sort of theory to be speculated about, to be coldly believed in, but it is not truth that can be taken home to the heart. *Coldly* believed in, did we say? No; *so* believed it is not believed at all. It is not *believed* unless it is believed in horror and anguish; unless it sends its votary to his nightly pillow in tears, and wakes him every morning to sorrow, and carries him through every day burdened as with a world's calamity, and hurries him, worn out with apprehension and pity, to a premature grave! He who should grow sleek and fat, and look fair and bright in a prison, from which his companions were taken one by one, and day by day, to the scaffold and the gibbet, could make a far better plea for himself than a good man living and thriving in this dungeon world, and believing that thousands and thousands of his fellow-prisoners are dropping daily into everlasting burnings. This system cannot be proved to be true until nature and life and consciousness are all proved to be false; till the ties of affection are proved to be snares and its sympathies sorrows; till the tenor of life is proved to be a tissue of lies, and the beneficence of nature all mockery, and the dictates of humanity are dreams and delusions."

GRINDING THE DIAMOND.

By Rev. John Todd, D.D.

The poor sufferer lay in severe pain on her bed. It had been nearly twenty years since she saw a well day, more than half that time since she had walked a step, and nearly two years since she had sat up. Her limbs were jerked by spasms, her back had deep sores on it

from lying so long; and whenever one was relieved by a new position of the body, another would be made. She never complained; and the cheerfulness with which she endured all this from day to day and year to year, was a matter of amazement to all. Her friends who saw the Bible always lying near her, knew well from what springs she drew water. They all said it was one of the darkest providences they ever witnessed.

One night, as the sufferer lay sleepless from terrible pain, she began to look back upon the past. What a wreck life seemed, dating from her bright school days! What a mystery that she must be so helpless and such a sufferer, while her school companions could walk, and move, and act, and enjoy life! What was the object of her Heavenly Father in putting her into this slow, hot, long-continued furnace? As she lay there thus communing with herself, the room seemed suddenly to fill with light, and a beautiful form seemed to bend over her. His face was calm and gentle, but full of pity. She was not at all frightened, nor deemed it strange that he was there, though she was aware that she never saw him before.

"Daughter of sorrow!" said he in a voice soft as the zephyr that rocks the rose on its stem, "art thou impatient?"

"No; but I am full of pain and disease, and I have so long been a sufferer that I see no end to it, nor can I see why I must suffer thus. I know that I am a sinner; but I hoped that Christ's sufferings, and not mine, would save me. Oh, why does God deal thus with me?"

"Come with me, daughter, and I will shew thee."

"But I cannot walk."

"True, true! There, gently, gently!"

He tenderly took her up in his arms, and carried her away, far away over land and water, till he sat her down in a far-off city, and in the midst of a large work-shop; the room was full of windows; and the workmen seemed to be near the light, and each with his own tools, and all seemed to be so intent upon their work, that they neither noticed the new comers, nor spoke to one another. They seemed to have small brown pebbles, which they were grinding, and shaping, and polishing.

Her guide pointed her to one who seemed to be most earnestly at work. He had a half-polished pebble, which was now seen to be a diamond, in a pair of strong iron pinchers. He seemed to grasp the little thing as if he would crush it, and to hold on to the rough stone without mercy. The stone whirled, and the dust flew, and the jewel grew smaller and lighter. Ever and anon he would stop, hold it up to the light, and examine it very carefully.

"Workman," said the sufferer, "will you please to tell me why you bear on, and grind the jewel so hard?"

"I want to grind off every flaw and crack in it."

"But don't you waste it?"

"Yes! but what is left is worth so much the more. The fact is, this diamond, if it will bear the wheel long enough, is to occupy a very important place in the crown we are making up for our king. We take much more pains with such. We have to grind and polish them a great while; but when they are done, they are beautiful. The king was here yesterday, and was much pleased with our work, but wanted this jewel, in particular, should be ground and polished a great deal. So you see how hard I hold it down on this stone. And, see! there is not a crack nor a flaw in it. What a beauty it will be!"

Gently, gently, the guide lifted up the poor sufferer, and again laid her down on her own bed of pain.

"Daughter of sorrow! dost thou understand the vision?"

"Oh yes; but then may I ask you one question?"

"Certainly."

"Were you sent to shew me all this?"

"Assuredly."

"Oh, may I take to myself the consolation that I am a diamond, and am now in the hands of the strong man, who is polishing it for the crown of the Great King?"

"Daughter of sorrow, thou mayest have that consolation, and every pang of suffering shall be like a flash of lightning in a dark night, revealing eternity to thee; and hereafter thou shalt 'run without weariness and walk without faintness,' and thus be 'made perfect through suffering.'"

A LAY SERMON.

"By these things men live, and in all these things is the life of my spirit."—HEZEKIAH, vide Isaiah xxxviii. 16.

HEZEKIAH comes before us at a point in Hebrew history when the picture is sadly tarnished and dim. Its heroic days are gone; David and Solomon, the greatest of its monarchs, have been long in their graves; now the once proud kingdom is dismembered, and is rocking to its fall. But it is not even yet without brighter tints; for, not to speak of the prophets whom these sad times called into being —that grand race of men, assuredly the grandest on record—there appear on the stage about this time some one or two monarchs, who, if individual kingly ability and nobleness of character could have saved any kingdom rotten to its core, might have been expected to save this one. Hezekiah is one of these monarchs, and it is a brief episode out of his history, with his own reflections thereon, that I purpose to consider at this time.

King Hezekiah has been arrested in the midst of his labours and cares by a sore sickness, a sickness nigh unto death; and he mourns it as a man might be expected to do who feels it has come upon him while yet in the pride and vigour of his life, and with so many of his plans still unexecuted. But he mourns it, too, like a man who is sensible of the intrinsic worth and beauty of life itself—like one who fears he is about to part with that which has brought him, in his time, many a choice delight and sweet satisfaction. And let me ask you whether this is not the right view to take of life, and far more becoming than that disdainful sneer at it which passes with some for Christian virtue? Mark how he mourns it! "I said, in the cutting off of my days I shall go to the gates of the grave; I am deprived of the residue of my years. I said, I shall not see the Lord, even the Lord, in the land of the living; I shall behold man no more. My age is departed, and is removed from me like a shepherd's tent; I have cut off like a weaver my life; he will cut me off with pining sickness; from day even to night wilt thou make an end of me." And so he goes on. Like the soft, plaintive notes of an Æolian harp, but charged with human sensibility, so rises and falls its sad, sweet music upon the ear. But not to detain you upon this part of the psalm, let me proceed to say that at length he recovers from this sickness, and then we are called upon to listen to his full, deep song of devout joy and gratitude, and to the summing up of his reflections on the occasion, in the profoundly suggestive and beautiful words of the text, "By these things men live, and in all these things is the life of my spirit."

There is now no gainsaying the fact that suffering is inextricably bound up with human life; and although skill and science may eventually considerably reduce the amount, yet it is not to be doubted but that a large balance will always remain. The only question, then, is, has it any high and important uses, such as may seem to justify the ways of God to man in this respect?

Hezekiah, now, as you may have observed, has a short and prompt reply to give to this question. He does not evade the difficulty, as did Job, by taking shelter under the plea of the duty of abiding by God's decrees as sovereign Ruler. He takes a higher flight, and propounds suffering as the very condition of true, vital being. For "by these things," he says, "men *live*, and in all these things is the life of my spirit." *All*—the stroke of yesterday, the stroke of to-day, and to-morrow's stroke—he could not afford to miss one of them. Oh, if we could believe this, instead of shrinking back in dismay, how should we even welcome with high joy the clouds of life as they rose upon our view!

But how do they so act upon our being as that they might be said to be its *life?* This is the question I now propose to attempt to answer.

What do we mean by our true life? We surely mean these two things—the development of the inner forces of our being, and of that higher thing called character. And taking these in their order, let me ask, How are the first to be brought out but by suffering? What substance, depth, force of the inner nature is there, where this process has not been passed through? Where would be the inner nature at all, if there were nothing to call it forth, nothing to exercise it upon, nothing to test it with? What gives the smith or ploughman his brawny

arm, strong to iron hardness and capable of wielding a giant's force? What but the stout, incessant battle he has to wage with stubborn, hard matter? Strange is it, indeed, that that which first discovers his weakness, should afterwards reveal his strength; but it is a plain fact of our physical nature, that only as we are called upon to struggle with and resist something, is our power called forth. Effort, exercise, is the one condition of physical strength; and so it is of our inner strength. And of all methods of calling out the inner nature, there might seem none so efficacious as bodily suffering, partly because there is none which touches it so closely, and partly because there is none which taxes and tries its strength in so fitting a degree.

And here I might say, it is surprising with what a new sense of power a man does come out of a protracted attack of bodily illness. Not always, of course, power of muscle; but power of inward being. He is the same, yet how different; all that is light and volatile has passed off, and only that which is solid and substantial remains behind. The storm of suffering which has passed over him seemed in its progress as if it would tear up his very roots; but *once* passed, he feels as if he had been all the time gathering fresh materials into his being, and it is only now that he has become a real and living entity. And I doubt not that, out of the swellings and throbbings of this new life within him, many a man has for the first time got a clear apprehension of the truth of the essential indestructibility of his inner nature, for he feels that this new and deeper life has in itself the elements of an unending existence.

Here, then, at the very outset, is a most precious, conspicuous use of bodily suffering. It is a platform from which we sprung to a higher altitude of being. Men before only to the outward eye, we are now men in what constitutes true manhood, men of *inward* substance, force, depth of nature.

But, next, suffering develops character —and here its influence is both passive and active.

What a softening of the spirit comes in the course of a long illness! That self-willedness, that impetuosity, that imperiousness, that pride and haughtiness—how it all vanishes at the lingering touch of suffering—so that the subject of it is like a little child again for his patience and meekness, his docility and tractableness! You must yourselves have observed cases of the kind, and wondered at the change. And I call this the passive influence of suffering, because the transformation seems to go on by a sort of virtue that is inherent in suffering, and not because of the concurrence of the sufferer himself. Yes, you have perhaps often longed for a change, and now God has brought it about by the power of suffering. It depends very much on the sufferer himself whether the change will last; but for a time at least it is real, and oh, how grateful!

The passive influence of suffering on character may be also seen in the manner in which it loosens the bonds of evil habit. In seasons of health, how these bonds accumulate and strengthen! Insensibly they have formed themselves about us, till they acquire such a mastery over us, that we seem to be even without the power of shaking them off. But suffering comes, and itself breaks the chain, by depriving us of the power of yielding to them, and one by one they drop off, and leave us again master of ourselves. And so it is with our evil passions. Suffering permits us no longer to indulge them, and as they sink into disuse, so, as it were, a deep sleep falls upon them, and we rise up from our bed of sickness free in a measure from their power.

And, again, the passive influence of suffering on character may be seen by the pauses for reflection it brings with it. That *forced* interruption to the daily tastes and pleasures, how can the sufferer fail to employ it in reflection—in reflection upon his course of life, his aims and his principles, and whether he is indeed employing his time and his powers as his Maker intended! Reflection is not sought by him, but it comes as the very adjunct of his position. Yes, there are matters of the gravest moment demanding our attention; but in the heat of passion, or the hurry of business, or under the pressure of our cares, we pass them by; but when God lays us on the bed of suffering, we are forced to pause and reflect, perhaps for the first time in

our lives. And there is that stirring within us at the time, to give a new and strange energy to the faculty of thought which the occasion has called forth. We know not how the suffering will end, or whether we shall ever again rise from our bed of sickness; and conscience starts up, reminding us of neglected opportunities and positive sins, and fills up, at intervals, the whole circumference of our inward vision with this one dread image. So that it might almost be said, that only now, by the preternatural activity of the thinking powers and of the moral sense which suffering calls forth, do we come to learn the moral value of life and the dread significance of our acts.

But at this point the active influence of suffering on character may be said to commence. Startled and alarmed by the sudden appearance of a new danger—smitten by an acute sense of a responsibility never realized before—aroused in all our powers by the new and awful light that has fallen upon our path in life—what is left for us to do, but, with our whole might and soul, to seek to make our peace with God, and resolve on future amendment? And as we thus go forth to meet the new conditions of being we have been suddenly called upon to face—as we sigh for and labour after the new dispositions and aims which spread themselves out before us—how does the passive influence of suffering, to which I have just referred, the softening of the inner nature, the lull of the passions, the weakened force of evil habit—how do all these step in and confirm and assist us in this new and improved temper of mind and in our new endeavours! But, indeed, we do not know, we could not count up, how much we owe suffering for its blessed influence on character in many ways. It is good for me, "says David, "that I was afflicted;" and this is the language of universal experience; and if we ourselves have no like testimony to bear, this at least we must own, that never have we been so susceptible of good impressions, and never so near being persuaded to the higher and better life, as at such times.

And among the personal results of suffering, I might here mention what Hezekiah says of himself in the matter. "I will go softly," he says, "all my days." Yes; he has improved the season of suffering; so all that softening of the nature which I have indicated as marking the character while the hand of suffering is upon us—that gentleness and meekness and patience—remains by him, and he "goes *softly* all his days." He had come, too, in suffering, under the power of one mightier than himself, even He with whom are the issues of life, and who holds the keys of death and the grave, and what has he any longer to do with the proud look and the haughty step? So he "goes *softly* all his days." And then he has been raised from the bed of sickness; and because this has touched and opened up every fountain of grateful, holy joy in his heart, therefore also does he "go softly before God and man all the days of his life." This seems to me a very fitting and beautiful picture of the blessed influence of suffering on the character.

But again. Suffering is one of God's methods for weaning us from a world that is not our rest. O, if it be indeed true that there is a world to come, into which we shall at length enter, and where we shall live for ever, how important it is that our thoughts should sometimes be directed thither! If life had no crosses, no sufferings, no losses or disappointments, if it were only one long bright summer day, what a hold would earthly things gain upon us! how utterly unprepared and unwilling to die we should be when our time came! So God puts now and then a bitter into our cup of life—takes our earthly possessions away, that our affections may not rest there—takes our health away, that we may not presume on our *tenure* of life—takes our friends away, that our affections may not even rest there—makes it, in one word, a world sadly full of change and uncertainty and disappointed hopes and expectations—that so, disengaged from earth, we might rise with the more freedom to the world above, that is our final home. Surely it is matter of thankfulness that God *does* so loosen for us the bonds of earth which we must one day put off.

But passing now the influence of suffering on our inward being in general and on character in particular, let me mention two further uses it has of another kind. If, by God's goodness, we

have been raised up from the bed of sickness, with what a new sense of enjoyment we come back into the world we have for a time quitted! How exhilirating, as we move about, to feel the current of health coursing through our veins once more! What a bliss to feel the fresh, pure air fanning our cheek again! How entrancing the spectacle of the broad, blue heavens, and of nature's outspread beauties, and of the faces of friends and of our fellow-beings! It is truly almost worth while being ill for the sake of the single pleasure we gather from recovered health. It is like a new sense of enjoyment opened within us.

The further use of suffering I wish to mention is the bond it creates between man and man.

It somehow happens that, while we are in health, our friends do not care so very much for us, or we foolishly fancy so; but once laid on the bed of sickness, and how do they crowd about us, with their kind words and attentions and soothing sympathy! A season of sickness in itself is never a pleasant reminiscence; but there is one thing which almost takes from it its sting as such, viz. the heart-cheering discoveries of the love of our friends and neighbours we made while it lasted, and which we should never have made in any other manner. And how can we meet this love of theirs but by our love to them in return? while, of their love to us we may reckon ourselves always sure; for it is one of the most blessed results of loving service that the interest then created remains to the end. But, indeed, the principle of the bond which suffering creates between man and man, holds good beyond the narrow sphere of home and friends; for let the sufferer even be a stranger, and withal the vilest of the vile, and let it be but known that he *is* suffering, and he will find no lack of friends or sympathy then. Nothing, it might be confidently stated, so unseals the fountains of human tenderness as human suffering.

Here, then, are uses for suffering which may leave us no longer in doubt whether it be the ordination of a good and loving God. But now, in closing, let me mention one or two thoughts the subject suggests.

I. Let us be men in the courage with which we meet and bear suffering. "Gird up thy loins like a man," was the appeal made to Job in his trouble. To whimper and repine at suffering is not only not manly, but childish. Why, to tell many a man that suffering, difficulty or danger lies in his path, is to tell him the best news you could tell him; or to tell him it lies out of his path, is to send him forth in quest of it. For he knows it is the crowning test of his manhood, and that where there is no struggle, there is no victory and no glory. Not the angels in heaven, but only the spirits of "just men made perfect," bear the palms of victory.

II. Let us be men in applying the lessons of suffering. Suffering is sometimes the just punishment of our sins and follies; let us resolutely turn from our follies and sins. It is ever a blessed pause for reflection, and a season of softened moods and weakened evil habits; let us improve it as such. It is intended to wean our thoughts and affections from earthly objects and pursuits; let it lead us "to lay up treasures in heaven."

III. Let no one go away now, and stigmatize life because of its pains and sorrows. After all, how small a portion of our existence they cover! how large a space they leave for joy and gladness! and how does a single drop of joy sweeten a whole cup of sadness! It may be observed, too, that pains and sorrows, however hard to be borne, once over, almost seem to change their character, and are a blissful reminiscence rather than a sad. Is it quite certain, moreover, that there would be any joy whatever if there was no pain? Is not the very alternation of these things in life, the source of our sensibility to each? But of this there can be no doubt, that the pleasures of life far exceed the pains in quantity, and they infinitely exceed them in quality. For these, at least, then, let us cherish grateful hearts; but if we look closely and earnestly at the pains and sorrows of life, I doubt not we shall find good reason to be thankful for them too.

Halifax. J. S.

HELP YOUR FATHER!

"My hands are so stiff I can hardly hold a pen," said Farmer Wilber, as he sat down "to figure out" some accounts that were getting behindhand.

"Could I help you, father?" said Lucy,

laying down her bright crochet work. "I should be glad to if I only knew what you wished written."

"Well, I shouldn't wonder if you could, Lucy," he said, reflectively. "Pretty good at figures, are you?"

"It would be a fine story if I did not know something of them after going twice through the arithmetic," said Lucy, laughing.

"Well, I can shew you in five minutes what I have to do, and it'll be a powerful help if you can do it for me. I never was a master-hand at accounts in my best days, and it does not grow any easier, as I can see, since I put on specs."

Very patiently did the helpful daughter plod through the long, dull lines of figures, leaving the gay worsted work to lie idle all the evening, though she was in such haste to finish her scarf. It was reward enough to see her tired father, who had been toiling all day for herself and the other dear ones, sitting so cosily in his easy chair, enjoying his weekly paper as it can only be enjoyed in a country home, where news from the great world beyond comes seldom, and is eagerly sought for.

The clock struck nine before her task was over, but the hearty "Thank you, daughter, a thousand times," took away all sense of weariness.

"It's rather looking up, when a man can have an amanuensis," said the father. "It is not every farmer that can afford it."

"Nor every farmer's daughter that is capable of making one," said mother, with a little pardonable pride.

"Nor every one that would be willing, if she were able," said Mr. Wilber—which last was a sad truth. How many daughters might be of use to their fathers, in this and many other ways, who never think of lightening a care or labour! If asked to perform some little service, it is done at best with a reluctant step and an unwilling air which rob it of all sunshine or claim to gratitude.

Girls, help your father; give him a cheerful home to rest in when evening comes, and do not worry his life away by fretting because he cannot afford you all the luxuries you covet. Children exert as great an influence on their parents as parents do on their children.

THE UNITARIANISM OF THE EARLY CHRISTIANS, AS SEEN IN THE REPRESENTATIONS OF OUR LORD.

I now come to the last part of our subject. In the two preceding papers I endeavoured to shew that in the symbolic signs, whether of Pagan or of Christian origin, and in the emblematic pictures from Old-Testament history found in the catacombs at Rome, no allusion whatever is made to the doctrines of the double nature of Christ and his all-atoning sacrifice, on which the orthodox churches of the past laid, and those of the present day continue to lay, so much importance.

I now propose to examine the most interesting portion of early Christian art, that which bears directly upon the person of Jesus Christ and the character of his teachings, with the view of ascertaining the faith of those at Rome who were, in the very day-spring of Christianity, "beloved of God, called to be saints." There will be no difficulty in this, if it be true, as I think it is, that "Christian art is always a reflex of Christian faith;" for the materials are found in abundance. The rude scratches on the slabs which cover the last resting-place of the poorer, and the more elaborate and perfect carvings which adorn the more ambitious tombs of the richer Christians,—the numerous paintings on the walls of the subterranean abodes of the dead,—and the exquisite figures of gold on the beautiful sacramental cups of blue and lilac glass, which were put into the grave at the same time as the body of him who had fallen "asleep in Jesus,"—all these will furnish us with ample illustrations for every step of our inquiry.

Before, however, I proceed to notice any object of Christian art, I must beg that my reader will remember one or two important ideas. First, he must bear in mind that figurative character of our Lord's teachings which is so distinctly stamped upon nearly all that he is recorded ever to have spoken. His parables and the use he makes of natural phenomena,—day, night, grass, flowers, &c.,—will occur to every one as instances of what I mean. Then, second, the reader must recollect that Jesus in this

matter differs very little from the rest of his countrymen. The Jews as a nation were highly imaginative and poetical, and given to seek after and treasure up in their literature and traditions all accounts of the wonderful and supernatural. It was these two tendencies which led them in time to that fanciful and allegorical method of interpreting their Scriptures, which I pointed out in my last paper, and which I said lent itself so easily to the Gentile predilection for mysticism and symbolism as projected in works of art. Now see how this propensity developed itself in the bosom of the infant church. The same bent of mind which made Abraham or Jonah or Moses a type of the Messiah, found no difficulty in representing that Messiah under other figures which had been applied to him or which he had applied to himself. Thus John the Baptist had pointed him out as "the *Lamb* of God which taketh away the sins of the world;" accordingly, as soon as the artistic feelings of new converts had gained the upper hand over the Jewish prejudices, paintings and sculptures of the Lamb sprung up in abundance. What figure could more appropriately represent him who "was led as a sheep to the slaughter;" and in those sad and perilous times of persecution, when his followers were brought before "governors and kings" for his sake, what example could they so well imitate as his who in like circumstances was dumb as a lamb before his shearer?

The lamb, therefore, was a favourite figure, and not infrequently used for both the Lord and the disciples. We read that "on a Roman sarcophagus there is a bas-relief representing the baptism of Jesus Christ, but without a human figure in it. The Saviour is a lamb; John the Baptist is also a lamb, whose right fore-paw is laid upon the head of the first as he kneels before him, while the *dove* breathes on him the divine spirit." But time will not permit me to notice more of the many other illustrations of this kind at my hand. Just let me point out that it is not "the lamb that once was slain" in order to appease the Father's wrath, which is depicted so often in the catacombs, but the lamb which taketh away the sins of the world in the sense of *bearing, carrying, doing away with* sin, by the wisdom, justice, purity of his doctrines. Another subject which seems to have been pleasing to the early believer was that of a *Vine.* Jesus himself had applied this beautiful figure to himself and his disciples, and had developed it in a more careful and elaborate manner than any other of his figures of speech; and it would appear that his lesson of Christian unity as necessary to Christian fruit was not lost on many of his early followers.

But now another and a most important stage in Christian art was reached. Hitherto Christ has been represented only under some symbolic sign; now he is depicted under the human form, though it would appear that no attempt is made to give him the features he had when "he walked among men." The allegorizing spirit is still active, and, laying hold of one of the most beautiful, consoling and assuring passages of John's Gospel, represents our Lord as the "Good Shepherd." "The heart and imagination of the Christian have dwelt fondly on this theme; it has been unceasingly repeated under every possible aspect, and may almost be said to have been worn threadbare by Christian art." Though this is the *first human figure* of Christ anywhere to be met with, it is only a representation, not a portrait. He is, indeed, depicted as a very young man, with beautifully rounded youthful face and limbs, and clad in a short Roman tunic. Sometimes he carries a panpipe in his hand, and is so very like the Pagan Orpheus, as to be scarcely distinguishable from him. Sometimes he is seen standing in the middle of his flock, which he is regarding with loving care; some of the lambs are looking very affectionately up to his face, though now and then one or two naughty ones are slyly looking aside, just like boys and girls at chapel, who, instead of looking right at the minister and trying to understand him as they ought to do, stare about careless of the precious truths which the Good Shepherd spoke and which the minister is repeating. Sometimes Christ is seen returning home with the lost lamb on his shoulders, which he has been out to find and bring again to the fold, or bringing one of those "other sheep" from that other

flock, shewing that they must all come and be "one fold" under "one Shepherd." This subject is repeated "with a thousand modifications, invented chiefly to display more and more clearly the goodness and love of the Saviour," who is always represented as a beautiful, beardless young man of about fifteen, eighteen or twenty years of age.

But the allegorical or symbolic field was too limited for the display of the Christian's feelings, hopes and aspirations. The recorded conversations and doings of his Lord were as dear to him as any typical allusion in the Old Testament, and far more calculated to attract a devout and pathetic contemplation. Accordingly we find the gradual discontinuance of the symbolic figure and the introduction of simple, actual incidents of Christ's life into the domains of Christian art. Let me particularly point out the beneficent, cheering, comforting and edifying character of the selection always made. Christ bringing the "bread of life"—talking with the woman of Samaria at the well of Jacob, revealing to her the spirituality and universality of his Father's presence—turning the water into wine—blessing the loaves and fishes—teaching the multitudes—giving sight to the blind—curing the poor woman who had been grievously afflicted for eighteen years—healing the paralytic—calling Lazarus from the tomb—riding in triumph into Jerusalem and teaching his disciples the lesson of humanity by washing their feet,—these are the scenes which the early Christians loved to contemplate and depict. Be it observed, there is not one illustration of what has been called our Lord's passion. There is not found one painting or sculpture, beyond one of Christ before Pilate, and which is intended to shew his innocence of the crimes laid to his charge, which can in any way be instanced as proof that his vicarious sufferings were an article of Christian belief. There is no exhibition of pain of body or anguish of mind, no agony or bloody sweat, no fainting under the cross, and no pierced side from which flows the atoning blood. These repulsive scenes were never depicted till after the Romish Church had promulgated the unscriptural doctrine of Christ's meritorious sorrows and sufferings. The first appearance of authoritative teaching of that doctrine is found about the beginning of the seventh century. From that time there is a very observable change in Christian art. The peaceful, consoling features of our faith seem all but entirely displaced by the scenes of the passion, which certainly predominated in the eighth and ninth centuries. In the tenth century the beneficent and miraculous works of Christ cease to be painted, and from the eleventh to the sixteenth century the Good Shepherd is lost sight of, the most painful, distressing, not to say *disgusting*, representations of the crucifixion having taken its place.

It is interesting to notice how this change is accounted for by those who believe in the dogma of Christ's vicarious sufferings, but I cannot go into this subject here. We may be quite certain that the true reason is to be found in the corruptions which gradually crept into the simple and beautiful religion of Jesus. The early Christians never portrayed the sufferings of their Lord, because they never believed in their vicarious merits. They did not, any more than we do, deny that he suffered, died and was buried; but they regarded him as still living and about to come again to gather his faithful flock to himself. They would have shrunk from representing him surrounded with and cast down by all the horrors of a miserable death, as we see him in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

I have not yet said anything about what may be called the *portraits of Christ*. Strictly speaking, we have no portraits of him. We do not really know whether his features were of that type which must be familiar to every reader of the *Christian Freeman*. In nearly all the representations of Christ which I have before mentioned, he is more like a Roman youth or heathen god, than what he really was at the time of his divine mission—a man, a Jew, of some thirty years of age. In the Roman catacombs there are but *two* portraits, and neither of them can claim any very high antiquity. One, that in the catacombs of St. Calixtus, and which is most like the one which is now so common, is supposed to belong to the fourth century, and to have been copied from a statue of Jupiter Tonans.

The other is in the catacomb of St. Ponziano, and is of a later date than the former, and not so pleasing in expression. There are legends of portraits painted by St. Luke, Nicodemus, and of impressions made by our Lord himself upon veils, handkerchiefs, &c., but they will not stand investigation. Most of my readers will have seen a photograph which is just now very much exposed in all picture-shop windows. It is the profile of a fine but sorrowful-looking face, said to be "the only true likeness of our Saviour, taken from one cut on an emerald by command of Tiberius Cæsar, and was given from the treasury of Constantinople by the Emperor of the Turks to Pope Innocent VIII. for the redemption of his brother, then a captive of the Christians." At the back of the card is an extract, in proof of the authenticity of the portrait, from a letter said to have been written to the senate of Rome by Publius Lentulus, friend of Pontius Pilate, and governor of Judea before Pilate. The letter describes Jesus Christ as a tall man, with a fine countenance,—long hair parted in the middle of his forehead, and flowing in curls on to his shoulders,—thick, but not a long beard, the same colour as his hair and forked in form,—grey, clear and quick eyes,—body well shaped, hand and arms beautiful and straight,—a man for singular beauty surpassing the children of men. In reproof and rebuke, he was terrible; in admonishing, courteous and fair-spoken; never laughing, but often seen weeping. On the whole it is a very pleasing portraiture, and one cannot help wishing it were true; but there are very good grounds for believing the whole letter to be a forgery. It was discovered in the eleventh century, but has been thought to belong to the third, and to have been written by a Christian. In the church of St. Bartolomeo in Genoa, there is a portrait said to have been sent by Jesus himself to Agbarus, king of Edessa, in Asia Minor. But it differs very much from the description above, especially in the beard, which is carefully and decidedly trained to terminate in *three* points. Those who have studied the history of this painting say they can trace it up to the middle of the second century, which I think is very doubtful.

But the portrait which gains the largest share of reverence is one which is in the sacristy of St. Peter's at Rome. It is regarded as too holy for any one but the Pope to see, and he must only gaze upon it once a-year and that after confession and communion. It is a life-sized head, dimly depicted on a tattered rag, and represents our Lord as he lay in the tomb. The hair is short, the beard full but short and three-pointed, the forehead high and marked with drops of blood, the eyes slightly opened and weeping large and copious tears. On the under lip and also on the beard are drops of blood. It is said that this portrait also belongs to the second century. This, however, I should very much doubt, for the reason assigned above. There are other so-called portraits which I must briefly mention, very ancient, but whose origin is not known. One represents Jesus as a man of at least fifty, with short hair and beard, and a face marred, more than the face of any man, with deep furrows of care and grief and thought. Had Christ been like this, little children would have run away from him, not come to him for his blessing. Then there is another, where he is represented as a *black man*, with very forbidding features.—Looking, then, at the various types of features given in very ancient times to our Lord, remembering that the earliest representations of him are classical and conventional in style and manner, that the oldest figure put forth as a likeness is probably taken from a heathen god, that the origin of many other likenesses is not known, that most of them are surrounded with incredible legends, and that there is such a difference in form and expression in even the oldest of them,—I think we must come to the conclusion that we do not know what manner of man he really was. Certainly there is no ground for the belief that he was that "man of sorrows," that dejected, emaciated creature, which the artists of the middle ages represented him to be.

Beyond the impression of the seal, which I mentioned in my first paper, there is no reference made to the subject of the Deity of Christ, and there is not the remotest allusion in the whole cycle of early Christian art to the doctrine of the Trinity. It is not till long after the

introduction of the Athanasian Creed into the western Church that that subject is made the theme of artistic effort. Therefore I think I may reiterate that the early Christians believed in a religion simple and undefiled with the dogmas of modern orthodoxy,—a religion of cheering hopes, benevolent deeds, sweet affections and undying trust in God, in Christ and humanity. With them, the Father was beyond the power of art, he was a "Spirit." The Son was the great Physician, the Teacher, the Shepherd, but never a God. The "Holy Ghost" as a dove is seldom represented, and never separated from the incidents of scriptural narrative. With them, religion was not trusting in the merits of Jesus, but trying to imitate his exalted and holy life, that they might become one with him in spirit, in desire, in love. Such let our religion and our lives be. Then as those glorious confessors of our faith left behind them tokens of their ardent hopes and pious works on the walls of their hiding-places, so shall we leave on the walls of the time in which we live, cartoons of our faith and practice which shall gladden, bless and edify the Christians of the future.

THE LOST CABLE.

To some minds the narrative of the Atlantic cable, the days and nights of toil and hope and fear of all on board the Great Eastern to lay down a wire from side to side of the Western ocean, will prove depressing, and point to the hopelessness of such a task. To others, it will have a different effect. When they read of the heroic struggle of days and nights to grapple up from the depth of the ocean the broken cable, the immense test put upon their machinery, the almost successful issue of the bold effort, they will be prepared to believe, with stronger machinery and better-suited plans, almost anything may yet be done. We confess that the effect of the narrative upon our minds was *not* of an enervating but energizing character. Since we read the story—the grand efforts put forth from time to time to perform such a difficult task, the heart and hope of those sailors and engineers in the midst of darkness and danger, out on the wild ocean—many of the duties of our daily life have since appeared as nothing; the courage of those brave men has imparted to us new strength to do what might have been left undone. We have made another effort, we have exercised a little more patience and skill, and done the thing we thought was too hard for our strength. So it is in life; we gain from the toils and struggles of one another. Many an one who thought his hopes of success as deeply lost as if they had been in the depths of the Atlantic Ocean, has gained sufficient courage to try once more to redeem his affairs and save himself and family. Many a father in the midst of his severe toil and disappointing labour may have had his strength recruited by the "Cable story." Many a mother, faint and weary with her care, has had her strength renewed when she heard of this persistent effort to recover from the depth of nearly three miles of the ocean the electric wire. These sailors only thought of the task before them, and not of the influence of their brave and patient spirits over many a heart and home. If the cable never be found, the story of the effort to regain it will never be lost to the world.

"The sexton tolling his bell at noon,
Dreams not that the great Napoleon
Stops his horse and lists with delight,
While his files sweep round yon Alpine height;
Nor knowest thou what argument
Thy life to thy neighbours creed hath lent.
All are needed by each one,
Nothing is fair and good alone."

UNNECESSARY ALARM.

There are times and seasons, we do not deny, when mankind may justly become alarmed, alarmed for the safety and peace of a state, the freedom of a people, or the cause of religion. There have been times when savage hordes have swept the plains of civilization, when pestilence and famine have thinned the ranks of the people, when tyrants ruled without fear of being checked by superior strength, and when the cause of justice and mercy had few to plead their claims, and religion was made a trade of by a State Church. Such is not the state of things now. A sharp look-out is kept on every question, and evil has to meet a formidable opposition to its further

hurtful progress. The general diffusion of knowledge, the intelligence of the people, is a good guarantee at the present time that no new experiments in the political, scientific or religious world shall throw back, to any great extent, the advancement which has been made.

In no department of human life are greater fears excited than among religious men for the safe keeping of moral and spiritual truth. It always has been so, and perhaps always will be, that the guardians of religion, or those who esteem themselves to be such, express alarm for religion at every change introduced into society or new speculation that may threaten to become popular or common. For a long time the present Pope fought against gas being introduced in Rome, as it might possibly affect the attractiveness of candle shows upon their altars, and thus lessen the influence of their Church and religion among the people. It is very lamentable that such conflicts should ever take place, and that we have to record the warfare against a purer light than gas, the light of scientific truth, for a time stemmed back by the ill-advised efforts and ungrounded fears of good and Christian men. There can be no question but the science of the present age is trying and sifting every old opinion; and during the process, and at a time when only one half of a question has been touched, perhaps its weak points have been glanced at and some doubt created. In this half-finished state of the argument, when only one side has been heard, the hasty and the inexperienced may jump to some unwise conclusion, and say that science has demolished a doctrine it has only been testing, and not yet come to the strength of the evidence which will decide most positively in its favour. It is in this one-sided and half-finished state some men decide, which drives other men to fear the further progress of scientific pursuit. There was a time when the Church made the philosopher tremble, and it may be only right that science should have its day of retribution and make the Church tremble; yet it is, after all, an unnecessary alarm, as we cannot for a moment believe that those two divinely-appointed provinces to enlarge the mind and purify the heart can be hostile to each other. If the promoters of pure religion have at any time been unkind and hostile to the progress of scientific pursuit, at that time they were less religious through that very opposition; and we may add, that if at any time the lovers of physical science have been the opposers of religion, they were in that very attitude less scientific than they might have been. Religion and Science are twin sisters, like the natural and the supernatural, the complement of each other. We have been led into these reflections from the concluding words of a useful and interesting book for the sea-side, written by P. H. Gosse, a scientific and pious author. He is alarmed at the spread of infidelity among men of his class, and characterizes the religion that dispenses with his orthodox dogmas as "Cain's religion," and the futility of the hope of such men to reach heaven. Here are his words (p. 324):

"I cannot conclude this volume without recording my solemn and deliberate protest against the infidelity with which, to a very painful extent, modern physical science is associated. I allude not only to the ground which the conclusions of modern geologists take, in opposition to the veracity of the "God which cannot lie," though the distinct statements which he has made to us concerning creation are now, as if by common consent, put aside, with silent contempt, as effete fables, unworthy of a moment's thought, and this too before vast assemblages of persons, not one of whom lifts his voice for the truth of God. These assaults are at least open and unmasked. But there is in our scientific literature, and specially in that which takes a popular form, a tone equally dangerous and more insidious. It altogether ignores the awful truths of God's revelation, that all mankind are guilty and condemned and spiritually dead in Adam; that we are by nature children of wrath; that the whole world lieth in the wicked one; and that the wrath of God abideth on it; it ignores the glorious facts of atonement by the precious blood of Christ, and of acceptance in Him. It substitutes for these a mere sentimental admiration of nature, and teaches that the love of the beautiful makes man acceptable to God and secures His favour. How often do we see

quoted and bepraised, as if it were an indisputable axiom, the sentiment of a poet who ought to have known better,

'He prayeth best who loveth best
All things, both great and small,'

a sentiment as silly as it is unscriptural; for what connection can there be between the love of the inferior creatures and the acceptableness of a sinner praying to the holy God? It is the intervention of Christ Jesus, the anointed priest, which alone gives prayer acceptance.

"There is no sentimental or scientific road to heaven; there is absolutely nothing in the study of created things, however single, however intense, which will admit sinful man into the presence of God, or fit him to enjoy it. If there were, what need was there that the glorious Son, the everlasting Word, should be made flesh, and give his life a ransom for many?

"If I have come to God as a guilty sinner, and have found acceptance and reconciliation and sonship in the blood of his only-begotten Son, then I may come down from that elevation, and study creation with advantage and profit; but to attempt to scale heaven with the ladder of natural history, is nothing else than Cain's religion; it is the presentation of the fruit of the earth, instead of the blood of the lamb.

"This will be, in all probability, the last occasion of my coming in literary guise before the public; how can I better take my leave than with the solemn testimony of the Spirit of God, which I affectionately commend to my readers? There is no way into the holiest but by the blood of Jesus."

These are remarkable statements for a scientific man to make, and shall have our attention again. For the present we wish to ask, what possible connection has the belief in those strange doctrines he enunciates with the existence of the Christian religion, "Love to God and man"? And how he dare characterize the lover of nature paying his homage to God as a worshiper like Cain, we cannot divine. It is another of those instances, so frequent in our day, of a false alarm and an unnecessary fear about religion, that we learn a lesson of Christian charity and hope from the ungrounded apprehensions about the spread of infidelity, that there are tens of thousands not so infidel as they look nor so godless as we fear.

THE MEMORY OF THE HEART.

By Josephine Morse.

A kind deed never dies.

Blest be the hand that for a child prepares
A simple pleasure!
In after years it springs amid life's cares
A blooming treasure.

A poor lad stood, with tatter'd garments clothed
And shoeless feet,
Beside a wooden railing, that enclosed
A garden neat.

With longing eyes he gazed upon the flowers
Blossoming there,
In the still brightness of the Sabbath hours
And dewy air.

Forth from his humble cot the owner came—
A wood-cutter was he—
To deck his button-hole for church his aim,
With sweet anemone.

He saw the boy, and from his blooming store
He chose with care;
A bright carnation to the child he bore,
Of all most rare.

No word was said, but home with bounding tread
Hastened the boy;
His bright eye glisten'd as he onward sped
With grateful joy.

* * * *

Long years have pass'd, and o'er that youthful brow,
So beauteous then,
The frosts of age, of heaven, gently now
Threescore and ten.

The flower hath long since faded, but again
Afresh it blooms,
And casts, midst memories of grief and pain,
Its sweet perfumes.

'Tis ever thus; a kind deed never dies,
Though undeserved;
Within the casket of the heart it lies,
By God preserved!

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

THE LITTLE QUAKER BOY'S WISH.—All our readers have at one time or another expressed a wish for something. Now we want to tell you of the wish of the little Quaker boy. He was once in a congregation of Friends, who had assembled for the purpose of worshiping God. This congregation had been sitting in silence for a long time, when a little boy, between five and six years of age, stood up upon the seat, and folding his hands together, with a childish lisp gave utterance to the following: "My friends! I wish the Lord would make us all gooder, and gooder, and *gooder*, till there is no bad left." He then took his seat.

STRANGE RETRIBUTION.—Jefferson Davis used the following words in the Senate in reference to John Brown: "Who would seek to dull the sword of justice in favour of him whose crime connects with it all that is most abhorrent to humanity, the violation of every obligation to the social compact, the laws, the constitution, the requirements of public virtue and personal honour?"

EUROPEAN SOVEREIGNS.—Of the forty-three reigning sovereigns of Europe, nine are Roman Catholic, one of whom, however, Victor Emanuel, is excommunicated, thirty-two are Protestant, one is of the Greek Church, one is a Mohammedan, and the forty-third is the Pope himself.

THE CONVERTED TURK.—I have somewhere read a story of a Turk, who, when in Paris, was prevailed upon to turn Christian, having been promised plenty of wine in this life, and a paradise of *eternal delights* in the next. He was regularly instructed in the doctrine of the Church of Rome, and after a time had the sacrament administered to him. The next day, when his instructor was interrogating him, he asked how many Gods there were. "None at all," said Mustapha. "How! none at all?" said the priest. "No," replied the sincere believer; "you have always taught that there was only one God, and yesterday I eat him." Verily, there is no absurdity, how glaring soever, in theology, that has not had, at one time or other, believers and supporters amongst men of the greatest powers and most cultivated minds.

A YEAR'S TROUBLE.—Sometimes I compare the troubles we have to undergo in the course of a year to a great bundle of fagots, far too large for us to lift. But God does not require us to carry the whole at once. He mercifully unties the bundle, and gives us first one stick, which we are able to carry to-day, and then another, which we are able to carry to-morrow, and so on. This we might easily manage, if we would only take the burden appointed for us each day; but we choose to increase our trouble by carrying yesterday's stick over again to-day, and adding to-morrow's burden to our load before we are required to bear it.—*John Newton.*

KISSING MOTHER WITH THE HEART.—A few days ago a bright-eyed little boy in this city, about six years old, retired upstairs to bed, leaving his mother below without the customary good-night kiss. As he kissed his father and bade him good-night, he gravely said: "Tell mamma good-night for me; I forgot to kiss her, but tell her that *I kiss her in my heart.*"

JUSTICE SATISFIED.—"My dear reader, your hopes for eternity are suspended upon this truth, that Christ Jesus has satisfied the justice of God by his sufferings in your stead; and if this be not so, then there is for you no hope!"—*W. J. M. in Pres. Recorder.*

That will do pretty well. It is a truth that Jesus has satisfied the justice of God, and on that truth the sinner's hopes for eternity are suspended. But if this be a truth, it is true independent of means, faith or unbelief. Again, if it be a truth that the divine justice is *satisfied*, we do not see what further claims it can have, nor do we perceive any good reason for threatening any man with endless damnation in the name of justice.

LIFE NOT LONG ENOUGH FOR STRIFE.—Charles Dickens relates the following of his literary friend and companion Douglas Jerrold: "Of his generosity I had a proof within these two or three years, which it saddens me to think of now. There had been estrangement between us, and many months had passed without my even seeing him in the street, when it fell out that we dined each with his own separate party in the stranger's room of the Club. Our chairs were almost back to back, and I took mine after he was seated and at dinner (I am sorry to remember), and did not look that way. Before we had sat so long, he openly wheeled his chair round, stretched out both his hands in an engaging manner, and said aloud with a bright and loving face, that I can see as I write to you: 'Let us be friends again! *A life's not long enough for this!*'"

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THE RELATION of MIRACLES to CHRISTIANITY: a Lecture, delivered at Essex-Street Chapel and Hackney Unitarian Church, in the Months of May and June, 1865.

By THOMAS MADGE.

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